

ARMY SONGS

HOW WILL YOU DO?
Tunes.—Jordan's Flood, 94; There is a happy land, 95; Song Book, 122.
When you come to death's cold flood
How will you do?
You who now trust your God,
How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray,
How will you do?

You who laugh and scoff and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terror brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave,
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,
How will you do?
Can you brave the awful storm?
How will you do?
When the waves of death assail,
Every ead and prop will fail,
Forms will be of no avail,
How will you do?

DOWN AT THE CROSS.
Tunes.—Glory to His Name, 230;
Song Book, 306.

Down at the Cross where my
Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I
cried;
There to my heart was the Blood
applied
Glory to His name!

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus does always abide within,
There at the Cross where He took
me in,
Glory to His name!

Oh, precious fountain that saves
from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me, and keeps me
clean,
Glory to His name!

Come to this fountain, so rich and
sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's
feet;
Plunge in to-day and he made com-
plete!
Glory to His name!

TOUCH ME NOW, O LORD!
Ah, Lord, when the crowd gathered
round Thee for healing;
I press'd among the number and
put in my claim;
And virtue from Thee, Lord, was
found at that moment,
I felt I was whole and I bless'd
Thy dear Name.

Chorus.
Oh, touch me again, Lord, Oh, touch
me again,
This moment I feel afresh Thou
canst heal;
Oh, touch me again, Lord, Oh, touch
me again.

I have not dwelt, Lord, in the joy
of Thy Presence,
But Thou canst the health of my
soul now restore;
My love has grown less, and my
faith has been wounded,
O Wonderful Healer, come heal
me once more.

Thou art passing! I feel, Lord, the
breath of Thy Presence,
Just now is a chance, which Thy
mercy shall allow,
Thy love has grown less, and my
faith has been wounded,
O Wonderful Healer, come heal
me once more.

THE MASSEY HALL

Good Friday Morning, 11 o'clock.

THE SALVATION ARMY WILL PRESENT A PICTORIAL PORTRAYAL OF "The First Good Friday"

An Excellent Scene and Musical Production by
THE CANADIAN STAFF SONGSTERS
The Massed Bands United Songster Brigades Children's Choir

Three Powerful Electric Stereopticons will be employed to illustrate
Texts and Songs, by superbly-coloured views, the finest procurable,
from famous paintings.

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS
WILL PRESIDE AND WILL GIVE AN ADDRESS

COMING EVENTS

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

Galt.—March 24.
Berlin.—March 25.
Brantford.—March 26.
Guelph.—March 27-28.
Toronto.—Good Friday Morning,
Massey Hall.
Toronto.—Easter Sunday, Lisgar St.
London.—Young People's Day,
April 11.
Temple.—Dedication of Cadets, 3
p.m., April 12.
Massey Hall.—Commissioning of
Cadets, 8 p.m., April 12.
Montreal 1.—April 16.
Verdun.—April 17.
Montreal 1.—April 18.
Owen Sound.—April 24-25.
Stratford.—April 26.
Ingersoll.—April 27.
Woodstock.—April 28.
London.—April 29.
Chatham.—April 30.
Windsor.—May 1-2.
(Lieut. Colonels Turner and Har-
grave will accompany to all Corps
outside of Toronto.)
(Lieut. Col. Chandler and Major
Arnold will accompany.)

THE CHIEF SECRETARY
Chester.—Young People's Annual,
March 22.
Temple.—March 28.
Massey Hall.—Good Friday Morn-
ing.
Lisgar Street.—Easter Sunday.
London.—Young People's Day,
April 11. Lecture, Y.M.C.A., at
noon only.
Massey Hall.—Monday, April 12.
Windsor.—May 1-2.
(Mrs. Gaslin will accompany.)

LIUT. COLONEL BOND.
Guelph, April 17-18.
LIUT. COLONEL SMETTON.
Wexford, March 23.

BRIGADIER MORRIS.
Yorkville, March 28.

BRIG. AND MRS. MILLER.
Galt, Easter, April 3-4.

BRIGADIER BETTRIDGE.
Clinton, Mar. 27-28; Scarborth, Mar.
29; Scarborth, Mar. 30; London 1,
April 1.

BRIGADIER CAMERON.
(Assisted by Captain Eastwell and
Brigade of Women Cadets.)
King Street (Toronto), March 28.

BRIGADIER ADY.
Berlin, Mar. 25; Brantford, Mar.
26; Guelph, May 27, 28, and 29.

BRIGADIER & MRS. TAYLOR.
St. John 4, March 27-28; St. John
1, April 2; St. Stephen, April 3-5.

MAJOR MCGILLIVRAY.
Guelph, April 3-4.
MAJOR ATTWELL.
Metropolitan (Toronto), March 28.

MAJOR TURPIN.
Minico, March 28.
MAJOR AND MRS. COOMBS.
Frederickton, March 27-29; Mary-
ville, March 30; St. John 1, April
2; St. Stephen, April 3-5.

THE STAFF SONGSTERS.
(Lieut. Colonel Smetton, Leader;
Major Arnold, Conductor.)
Thornhill, March 25; Berlin, Sal-
and Sun. (Easter), April 3-4;
Galt, Mon., April 5.

Adjutant Duncan,
Metropolitan (Toronto), April 4.
Adjutant Turner,
Whitby, March 24.

Mrs. Blanche Johnston.
West Toronto, April 2; Industrial
Corps (Toronto), April 4.

On the occasion of the farewell of
Captain J. Ward and Lieutenant T.
Sinclair from Plonburg, a local
paper published a brief review of the
work they had done during their ten
months' stay. Some of the figures
are as follows: Open-air, 234; in-
door meetings, 100; total attend-
ance inside, 2383; indoor meetings,
533; total attendance, 6217; number
of converts, 93.

THE WAR CITY

Year TORONTO.

APRIL 3rd, 1915

Price Five Cents



EASTER NUMBER



The Great Sacrifice

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS—AND THE BETTER PRESENT

A CONVERSATION WITH THE COMMISSIONER

His business matter I had been discussing with the Commissioner had been satisfactorily concluded, the conversation had as it has a way of

with the Commissioner, that on what may be termed the psychology of The Army, Commissioner had remarked that he became an Officer during the transition period of 1880, when the Christian Mission was being into The Salvation Army; that he was one of the first of Cadets to enter the old Devonshire House Training House, three years ago. It was then that I hazarded the question still agitates a good many minds, judging from the remarks frequently hears, and said: "Wherein were the old days of The Army superior to the present, Commissioner?"

No one ever heard me sigh for the good old days, or hint that the Army of the early days was superior to the present. What I said that times have changed, and Army has changed with them. We had persecution; now we have plaudits. The old days were not but these are better. Then we had to endure physical opposition and annoyances. Again and again some mischievous fellow would seize my tunic from the back, and with a sudden jerk, torn every button; and within half a minute have the ranks of a little hand broken a score of times. Why, remember that in a hall in the Strand of London the rowdies threw bricks through the windows so that we were obliged to rear against the windows to prevent the bricks from seriously injuring the people within.

On one occasion there were seven hundred and fifty to one and roughs gathered around half chanting for our blood. We were afraid to venture out until we had prayed for Divine protection. While we were thus praying, was suddenly a great calm came. Some one opened the door, looked—the crowd had mysteriously disappeared. It is true that had gone off to watch a burning building some little distance away, and was an answer to God's way of delivering us from them, and was an answer to me. I could tell you of the most things, but it is not necessary. Now, the result of these days of error was to raise up a band of true Salvationists—a separate band. The Acts of the Apostles of to fit our case very closely, and we got great comfort in God's Word. In a sense, we

thsmasites, every man's hand what us, and we were ready to rebuke sin at any time and in any place. The other day I read a passage in a letter from a man soldier on Salisbury Plain, in which he stated that he had been trained down to bone and sinew. In those days we had to speak, trained down to the bones and sinew of Salvation. There was not much worldliness clinging to us then. I think it would be a good thing for us, perhaps, if, as individuals, we had a little opposition; but if anyone wants it, persecution had to-day as ever. A little desperate soul-hunting will soon set peace with the world. It is too much like Christians, nine tenths of us now. Some of us, I am afraid, are some inclined to link arms and hobnob with the enemy. We must that "Come out from among them and be ye separate" is as to-day as ever. We are still at war with the devil. It is difficult to go for the sins of a man who keeps telling you a fine body of people The Army is and what a vast amount of

"You may take it from me that organized groups of Soldiers and trained talent are poor substitutes for individual zeal and the spirit of prayer; also, that there is nothing incompatible with zeal and organization, and talent and prayer."

good is being done, etc., I admit. Still the dictum of our glorified Founder—"Go straight for souls and go for the worst!"—must be adhered to."

"Can you not give examples of the devotion and 'Why yes?' For instance, Soldiers in the days I refer to would resolve to speak to every person they met whilst going to or coming from work about his or her soul—and do it. I do not fear of Salvationists asking a practice of that sort of thing now. Then, two or three would make a list of the big sinners in the locality and have regular seasons of prayer on their behalf. It also used to be a common thing for Soldiers to pray till midnight on Saturday night for the Sunday's meetings, and for brigades to pray in the vestry all the while the Sunday night meeting was going on. I do not think in these days that such practices are so general, as they were, say, thirty years ago. And there is no doubt but such prayer and zeal for soul-winning went a long way in bringing about the Salvation of sinners and building up The Army. You may take it from me"—and in the warmth of his feeling, the Commissioner arose and paced the room—"that organized groups of Soldiers and trained talent are poor substitutes for individual zeal and the spirit of prayer; also that there is nothing incompatible with zeal and organization, and talent and prayer."

"What would dear old Commissioner Dowdle, Colonel Barker, Major Pearson, and other glorified veterans of the old days miss if they came on earth to spend a week-end with The Salvation Army in this year of grace?"

"Oh, what they would miss would be, for one thing, the exuberant Salvation joy, the spontaneity of shouting, the abandonment to the spirit of the old songs of 'Roll-the-old-chariot-along' type. To hear those Whitechapel lads sing—

"If the devil's in the way, We will jolt it over him."

and send the refrain:—

"So we'll trot the old chariot along," with a long-drawn and accented "a-a-a" and "a-a-a"—reverberating along the roof, was enough to cause the lane to dance, and then:—

"The devil and me we can't share glory, hallelujah."

Well, we don't sing them now like they were sung then. I hear the Staff Songsters want a portable organ. If they'll sing those two songs in my liking in my next Toronto meeting, why I'll give them a new organ. We Salvationists are inclined in those days, for I'm very sure that if we have changed, the masses haven't: they love a good old, rip-roaring song now as ever. Of that, the Tipperary song is proof. Let's have abounding joy in The Army.

"A converted negro on the West Coast of Africa wrote two or three letters to The General, imploring him to send Officers to open up Army operations in that region. He had got to know there was plenty of glory, hallelujah in The Army, but he evidently had forgotten the exact terms so, instead of writing 'Glory' he wrote 'Jolly.' Such as 'I am so happy in my soul, jolly!' Personally, I don't think he was so far off. Salvation jollity is good."

"I think they would also miss the bombardment of sinners in the prayer meetings; that is, as you know, a number of Soldiers getting around a convicted person and praying until he or she yields in Christ. That sort of thing may savour of the apostolic injunction to pull souls out of the fire, but I've seen some remarkable cases of permanently-reformed lives result from it."



THE COMMISSIONER

ILLUSTRATED INCIDENT

AN OFFICER'S HEROIC DEVOTION

Three years ago three Swedish ladies, appointed to Korea, made astonishing advance in their study of the language, which was the more difficult in that they had to master English first. In less



"They consecrated their lives afresh to God."

than twelve months one of the trio became not only proficient in the Korean language, but was awarded the highest possible number of marks for knowledge of Korean.

Twelve months after their arrival one of them died of fever. The loss of the comrades, though keenly felt, did not in any way disturb the two who remained, and standing by her open grave they consecrated their lives afresh to God, and vowed to make up for the loss by increased effort and zeal.

Within a few months the Angel of Death called for the second of the Swedish trio, and there now remains but one, but she is pledged to God, and it needs be, that the people of her adopted country may be led to Christ.

CONVERSION OF DEAF MUTE

At an open-air meeting being held in a square at Woolwich (England) about two hundred and fifty persons were standing around, when suddenly from amongst the crowd came a young man and walked into the ring. He fell on his knees, closed his eyes, and his hands together, and then he looked upward. He then was overcome by some sounds, and he was in the direction of a public square. He then took a pencil from his pocket and wrote on a piece of paper: "No more drink."



"What the deaf mute wrote."

Good God can save me. Finished with drink and jinx for ever," and signing his name, "Frank Hurry," handed it to the Officer. The Salvationists then knelt in prayer with him, while the astonished crowd looked on. He got converted, and has since given every evidence of being genuinely changed.

He now brings his young lady, who is similarly afflicted, to the meetings. He has also been the means of leading another deaf mute to Christ. Drink has been his besetment. His mother is delighted at the change in him.

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

Could my story be more strange than this. On a Saturday morning, early, a Salvation Army Officer was going down one of the roughest streets in his district, when he saw a crowd outside a house. On making inquiries he was told that a man had committed suicide there. The police had also arrived, but the Captain persuaded them to let him go in by himself and see what could be done. He thereupon went into the man's rooms and found that he had tried to suffocate himself with gas from a tube attached to the gas pipe. The Captain spent an hour with him before he got him round.

"He was such a poor wretch," says the Captain, "that my heart went out to him, and I was throwing my arms around his neck, I kissed him, and with tears streaming down my face, I asked, 'What can I do for you, my poor fellow? He then confided to me his story.'

"The police, by this time, wondering what was happening, went into the house, but I left him again quickly after taking a note of the case, leaving the man in the Officer's care. The next two or three hours were spent in marching the man round and round the room. The Officer then left him, and at night called for him and took him to the meeting, at the close of which he knelt at the Mercy Seat."

"The home was a 'perfect howl,' to quote the Captain's words, for everything had gone in drink. There was not a stick of furniture or any comfort for wife and children. On Monday morning the man went to work; at night he reported he had been getting on fine; on Tuesday night he said he was trying to get a little bit of a home together. His conversion is the topic of talk in the district."

GAINED WEALTH LOST PEACE.

A Jassie Lieutenant tells the following interesting story. She had eyed ten miles in order to see a certain gentleman, who kept up a very large establishment. In answer to her knock a stately butler opened the door, and informed her that his master did not contribute, and always, in fact, ordered his motor car, to be driven rapidly past any Army open-air meeting. The Lieutenant turned away disappointed, but no-

ticing a gentleman sitting on the lawn, ventured to speak to him.

To her surprise he burst into tears and asked her to come into the house. He then told her the following story. Some years previously he had been an Army Soldier and had been called to Officership, but while he was still a Candidate an uncle had died and left him a large sum of money. He had heard of the poverty and hardships of an Officer's life, and left The Army. Many unhappy years had passed by since then, and he told the Lieutenant that he would give all he possessed to regain the peace and joy he once had.

SWAZI WIZARD'S MESSAGES.

While I was stationed in Zululand (says Lieut.-Colonel Smith) a Swazi wizard doctor came to the Penitential Form.

A few nights later we were visited by a messenger from the kraal where this man was staying, who informed us that the wizard had suddenly died, and asked us to come over and bury him. We promised to do so in the daylight, and asked him to take the pick and shovel for digging the grave.

On this man's arrival at the kraal the wizard was sitting up, and he asked the messenger what he was doing with the implements. He said: "I brought them to bury you."

It appears the wizard had been in a trance of some kind. He told the people that his spirit had left his body and gone into Heaven, where he had received messages from a shining figure. He was to return to earth with them—some to the Officers, some to the Soldiers, and some to the sinners—they seemed of a proper kind.

A day or two after this incident a promising girl Soldier came to me and said, "I want your advice. The wizard says he received a message from Heaven which was only for me. It is that I am to marry him."

I told the lassie that Heaven did not send such messages to young girls, and that she had better let him go. She is now the wife of one of our Captains, while the hypocritical witch doctor has returned to his old ways.

"Marching the man round and round the room."

One terrible day her father lost very heavily at gaming, and filled with an unquenchable rage at the loss of his money he struck the man who had won it a terrible blow, which proved fatal—the gambler dying immediately. Emily was present. Her father was tried for murder, and being found guilty was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. The sentence was duly put into effect.



"I have brought them to bury you."



"He had been as blind as a bat."

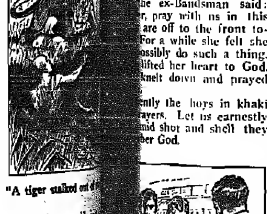
The Tiger was a crooked old fellow, the incarnation of the lawless. One day he was driving a load of coal for a swim. When he was some little distance from the men saw, to their surprise, a crocodile leaping from the water and seizing the tiger. The tiger was so startled that he dropped the load, and the crocodile swam off with it. The men saw the tiger's eyes and forelimbs, and were so awestruck that they did not attempt to save him.

MASTER PRAY WITH US.

The War Cry's sellers of (Glad) Corps, who is very on her rounds one Saturday, came to a saloon she first came to enter, but did so. She found two of my; in the third, however, several soldiers entered and declined to make

her than the others, however. "Ah, sister, I know a lot of Army; but for three years I have been a backslider. I am in the Band; I wish I was as good as I was then." She asked her in sing, but she was not a solo. The ex-bandman said: "I pray with us in this case off to the front. For a while she felt she could do such a thing, lifted her heart to God, knelt down and prayed.

Only the boys in khaki are present. Let us earnestly and shout and shell they hear God.



"A tiger snatched me from behind the crocodile's snap at him. The tiger up our male and was looking back over his shoulder engaged in a struggle with the crocodile. The old crocodile was to it. It made me on my male and was got saved."

It is a good thing always take back a tiger as a tiger and make people think but it is well to be an inescapable tiger.

A HEATHENISH PERSONAL HISTORY

It appears that in his personal history, a Hindu doctor, a missionary, had been five years, to be in his life, the best of his

The Gambler's Daughter

ONE Sunday afternoon, a few months ago, a sylph-like young woman of about twenty-three was, with some friends, on her way to a place where gambling was illicitly carried on.

As they were making their way to their secret haunts the party passed by a Salvation Army open-air meeting. The singing was quite unfamiliar to the young woman, but nevertheless it influenced her strangely, and after going on a little way she felt compelled to stop and tell her friends that she proposed going back and attending The Army meeting to hear more of the singing. This announcement was greeted with jeers and scorn.

She retraced her steps, stood around the open-air, and finally followed the procession to the Hall.



"A little girl was weeping bitterly."

where, for a moment, we will leave her, to give her a glance at her history.

The young woman, whom we will call Emily Brown, was brought up to a very sinful home. Her parents were professional gamblers, so card sharps and betting people were frequent visitors to their house. Her mother and father also drank heavily.

In such surroundings as these it is not surprising to know that at twelve years of age games of chance had a terrible fascination for her, and that she became skilful in the manipulation of cards. In fact, her father made use of her skill in this direction.

One terrible day her father lost very heavily at gaming, and filled with an unquenchable rage at the loss of his money he struck the man who had won it a terrible blow, which proved fatal—the gambler dying immediately. Emily was present.

Her father was tried for murder, and being found guilty was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. The sentence was duly put into effect.

Before Emily's mother died her dreadful record showed one hundred and fifty convictions for offences against the law. Emily also had undergone imprisonment.

THE BUSHMAN'S DREAM. It was a tiny Australian township, which comprised its cottages in a sheltered corner of the Australian Alps, and consisted of little more than a winding street.

Down the street came a little knot of Salvationists, carrying flag and drum and some "War Cry." There were the two young women Officers, the Sergeant-Major, a tall, brown-skinned blacksmith, who had the gentle soul and simple faith of a little child, and his wife, a placid, shallow little woman, who, however, followed safely in the wake of her

The poor girl had never been to Sunday School or to a place of worship, and knew absolutely nothing about God and His love for the sinner, and was in the grip of people who were desirous of exploiting her. This was the condition of Emily when she was taken hold of by the open-air service.

The Salvationists took kind notice of the young stranger, and in the prayer meeting the Captain dealt with her about spiritual things. The young woman desired Salvation, but did not know how to approach God in order to obtain it, but the Lord, through His Holy Spirit, led her into the light, and before she left she had the consciousness that she was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Two weeks afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, she visited her mother's grave. When she reached the spot she found there a little girl who was weeping bitterly. Asking the reason, Emily found that the child's mother was lying in the same grave as her own. But the child's mother had been a good woman, and on this particular morning the child had been roughly and had grieved her heart with whom she loved. She was desirous of being good and wanted to meet her mother in Heaven. Thereupon the new convert told the child how she herself found forgiveness, and they knelt together, and by the grave which contained their mothers, the little girl sought the Saviour.

Emily obtained honest employment, and for her light shine where she worked. Her employers were Jews. One day she talked to their little son about Jesus. He wanted also to pray to Jesus, but was afraid



"They prayed together."

of interference, so she took him to her room, where they prayed together, and the boy professed to be saved. When they rose to their feet and were leaving the room they found the mother standing outside with three ladies, who had come to pray with him also. This she gladly did for him.

good husband; and Jim Coes, the bullock driver—wonderful in the eyes of all other "bushlocks" as the only man on the road who did not swear; and Tom Hall the saved Cuckey producer, who, with his clear, true, ringing song and his burning words about deliverance from sin, never failed to get a message home, and Sue Sing, the Chinaman, who had drunk himself through three lunacies and had been locked up for madness, the result of his drinking habits—now he had the face of a saint and the tongue of a prophet.

One night she was repeating home from a visit to a neighbour, when (Concluded on Page 6.)



In the Australian Alps.

This night "The Army" took its favourite stand between a butcher's and a butcher's shop, and the meeting swung along.

The Captain's eye ranged over the congregation and alighted on an altogether strange face, that of a full bearded, browned bushman, of wild height, who stood, leaning against a veranda post, evidently so engrossed in the meeting as to be oblivious to other surroundings.

He was invited to the indoor meeting, and when the invitation to open the heart to the Saviour was given the strange bushman immediately rose to his feet and made his way to the Mercy Seat. He did not welcome assistance at the Penitential Form, but when invited to give his testimony he rose, and without hesitation began to speak with a soft Swedish accent.

"One night I had a strange dream I heard a voice telling me to arise and go to the township, and in my dream I obeyed. There I saw strange people, who spoke a strange, glad message, and I followed them to a Hall. Then I awoke and determined to heed the Voice and make my journey."

"Yesterday, I arrived from the mountains in the township, and last night I saw the people of my dream and heard their message, and tonight I have come to the Hall of my dream, and my friend, I have found peace! My heart has found the Saviour, and I will love Him and serve Him."

SHOT AT A VENTURE.

Mrs. M— was a proud and worldly woman. She was also very rich, her husband having made a fortune in the Alaska gold mines. In the little Ontario town in which she resided, therefore, she was considered a personage of some importance. To real religion she was a complete stranger.

One night she was repeating home from a visit to a neighbour, when (Concluded on Page 6.)



The effect of a song.

ACROSS AN OCEAN AND A CONTINENT

With a
Conducted Party
of SA Emigrants
from London to
Vancouver
By An Assistant
Conductor

It was that day, by the clock on the No. 2 platform of the Great Northern terminus, when the Liverpool train pulled out. The grinding of the wheels on the rails was drowned by the medley of sounds proceeding from the departing emigrants and the friends they were leaving behind. The words of "Auld Lang Syne" blended with, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and amid the raucous hurrahs were heard the tender strains of "God be with you till we meet again."

I leaned out of the window; the great crowd on the platform slipped by, but not so rapidly that I could not see sobbing mothers and weeping friends whose loved ones were leaving London for the Land of the Maple Leaf. Then with a snort and a shower of sparks the great engine gathered speed and swept roaring into the blackness of the night and—I was fairly started on my trip across an island, an ocean, and a continent.

TWO HUNDRED EMIGRANTS

"Well, we're off!" said my boss, The Army Conductor, who I was to assist in conducting a party of some two hundred Army Emigrants across the ocean to their new homes in Canada. It was a job to get these people ready. They seem to quite lose their heads."

"You're right, Adjutant!" I replied with deep conviction, for I had spent one of the busiest hours of my life getting our party into the compartments reserved for them, seeing to their baggage and answering their myriad questions. And such questions! "I've come away in such a hurry that I left my money on the kitchen table. Thus shall I get it?" was the agonized query of an anxious young domestic. "I've given her all I have got—4s. 6d." supplemented the girl's distressed mother. A few minutes later a hasty statement was made for an Officer to get the money and forward it on to the girl in Canada. "Officer, Officer! I've mislaid my ticket. I can't find it anywhere. I've been through all my pockets, what shall I do?"

"Take off your hat, and look at the front of it!" was the reply. He did, to his great relief, as for increased safety he had tucked the ticket inside the band of his bowler, and forgotten he had done so. It had been there in his hand, so it was with relief and great relief that we stretched ourselves out on the seats of the compartment reserved for the conductors.

In the cold, grey dawn the train slowed up at Liverpool, and under the guidance of our Conductor, who was very experienced, and the kind assistance of our Liverpool Emigration Staff, our party was speedily conveyed to the steamer on which we were to cross the Atlantic ocean.

At this point the value of organization was very noticeable, said Captain Finchen, the Liverpool Emigration Officer, was absolute master of the situation. He knew and was known by most of the officials, and was familiar with the intricate gangways and passages of both wharf and ship, and, in consequence, our party and their baggage were speedily on board, and adjustments made with regard to berths, etc. Then, freed from all worry, they hung around the ship's side watching that highly animated and interesting event, a big ship getting ready for sea.

CONDUCTOR AND COMFORTER

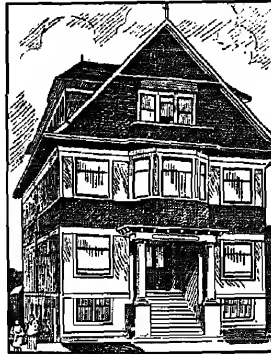
By this describing the transference from train to ship had been easily effected—comparatively it was, but the embarkation hadn't taken place without incident. For instance, one second-class passenger sailing in our party, who was late in arriving at the ship, having travelled from a small inland town, was in such a state of excitement at the rush and parting with her brother, that she was physically incapable of opening her bag

and getting out her tickets. In such a case the Conductor, with perfect courtesy, does all that is necessary. There is certainly a great sense of freedom from care when one travels in the company of an experienced conductor.

At last the great screw began to revolve, and under a grey sky we steamed down a grey river, the land speedily becoming lost in a grey haze—the only relief to the universal greyness being the flecks of white seagulls in the air and on the water.

There were wet eyes as the coastline of England sank beneath the wave, and abundant opportunities for the Conductors to speak words of comfort and cheer to those who were going farther and farther from dear ones and their native land.

Out upon the heaving Atlantic, life has a tendency to monotony, so that the Salvation meetings—conducted on deck when the weather was fine and in the third-class saloon when the weather was unfavourable—were events greatly looked forward to. The Adjutant was a most



The Army's Lodge for Women Immigrants at Vancouver.

skillful concertina player, and amongst the Salvationists we had some capital singers; the services, therefore, were very pleasant. They were also profitable, for eight persons professed to find God during the voyage. On Sundays two meetings were held.

One of the passengers had embarked in very indifferent health, and gradually grew worse as the voyage proceeded. He was frequently visited by the Adjutant and, by him, led to Christ. Before land was sighted he had reached Glory's Port.

The ship's authorities desired the Adjutant to conduct the funeral service, and nothing more impressive stands out in my mind than that burial at sea. A part of the taffrail had been taken away, and a long plank placed in position. Most of the passengers stood around with bowed heads and solemn mien as the sailors brought the body, covered with a Union Jack, on deck, and placed it on the plank.

The Adjutant conducted the service with great impressiveness, and reminded his hearers that they, too, would have to die. In solemn tones, he read the form of commitment, while the great ship was hove to in the midst of the heaving, sobbing sea. Then, amidst tense silence,

the cannon lifted the plank and the body of the dead man was cast into the sea. The cannon fired the plank and the body of the dead man was cast into the sea.

At length we entered the land, the coast there were still English, but the land was grey and the water was grey. The land was grey and the water was grey. The land was grey and the water was grey.

SPECIAL SALVATION

Quebec has some striking features about it, but amongst the features of the city, the family of the Adjutant is to be seen. They are a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant.

A conducted party of emigrants may occupy either, second or third class, which, to some of us, would be a great advantage. A conducted party of emigrants may occupy either, second or third class, which, to some of us, would be a great advantage.

But through the courtesy of the companies, the Salvation Army has a special provision for its emigrants, especially for women. These companies, which are provided with comfortable berths and bedding, curtains and night, and properly cooked meals three times a day—each car being a cook.

REGARDED WITH INTEREST

Our men were regarded with interest by the people of the city. They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant. They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant.

The men were regarded with interest by the people of the city. They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant. They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant.

They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant. They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant. They were a family of the Adjutant, and they are a family of the Adjutant.

DAY IN MY LIFE

By Adj. Penfold, Salvation Army Chaplain, With The Canadian Remount Corps Salisbury Plain

A awakened earlier by the tramping of freshly-arrived horses, my baton's servant calls me at 7.30. I am to the Remount Corps, which is the and flourishing centre for all the cavalry and cavalry, as well as for the Canadian troops, but as I am in the horse lines I am not called to the part in the morning parade of

I have breakfast with my brother an hour later finds me at the orderly room. The letters usually include appeals to me to look up friends and the writers in the various units. A woman Salvationist from Nova Scotia asks me to get her horse before he goes to France.

promised me before leaving that he would make his will with God. Every time I write to him he asks, "Is God saved yet?" I still pray that God will answer our prayers.

from please cry and find and persuade him to Christ as his personal friend. I still pray that God will answer our prayers.

from a mother who lives with God. Every time I write to him he asks, "Is God saved yet?" I still pray that God will answer our prayers.

ending my letters I make the marquee, which Colonel has kindly placed at my rest and refreshment. On my way I am a trooper, who asks me to get her horse before he goes to France.

goods which have been ordered. It is so well patronized by the men very difficult to get sufficient supplies demanded. That we have Salvation Army tents at Salisbury Plain at the following places: Bulford, Colford, Bursard 1, and 11, Remount Corps. In addition to these tents other places and a number of buildings are nearing completion. The charge of the Salvation Army tents with their assistants, are occupied from in ministering to the temporal needs of the men, who crowd into soon as their day's work is done, to take part in the meetings which

is the influence that The Salvation Army has over the men that scarcely any is heard in or near the buildings. should break bounds, he is at once by his chums, or himself apologetic influence extends even further the several have attended Salvation

Army meetings at Salisbury and other places, have sighted Salvation, and has returned in the morning to the huts full of the good news.

I generally get back at a quarter to one in time for lunch. At 1.30 my baton again brings my horse, and I start out for Larkhill and Bulford Camps, to look up and see what I can do to help spiritually the Salvationist comrades and others concerning whom I have received letters who are attached to the units stationed there. This involves a journey of about sixteen miles and keeps me going until dinner-time—six o'clock—when I am back again at my own camp.

As the Remount Corps is the busiest of any,

Having satisfied himself that all is right, he says, "Pass on, Officer," and I proceed, and quickly come upon a battalion hard at work digging trenches.

On Sunday mornings I conduct Church Parade, which is attended by the Colonel and his staff, and all who are present in the camp. This is not always possible, for sometimes a large consignment of horses will arrive at the station overnight and the men will be busy all day bringing them into the camp. Only last Sunday I was unable to hold a service, as there were only about two men in the whole camp.

Now that we have at last got our marquee in order, we shall, of course, be holding Army meetings there on Sunday nights, and for week-ends. I am arranging to give addresses, illustrated by lantern pictures, on various interesting subjects.

We have had another draft of one hundred men added to the Remount Corps, and this has been a very busy week, as they have handled large consignments of horses every day. In connection with the Sergeant-Major, I found that in his early days he was a Corps Cadet in Australia. No doubt as I get into personal contact with all the men, I shall come across a number of ex-Salvationists.

A rather amusing thing occurred in connection with two of the sergeants from the Remount who called into the Hospital Tent. They did not know at first that it was The Salvation Army, and when they were told this they said to Mrs. Adjutant Palmer: "We have got a Salvation Army man at our camp as Chaplain, and if they are all like him, they are all right."

ILLUSTRATED INCIDENTS.

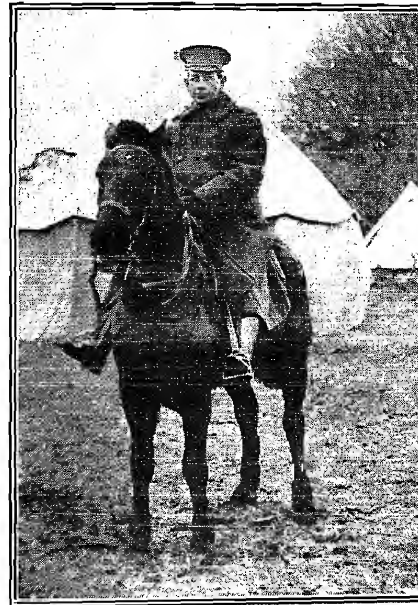
(Continued from Page 7.) the sound of a drum being vigorously pounded reached her ear. There were only two of them—the Captain and the Drummer—and they took it in turns to speak and sing. Mrs. M— was impressed with their earnestness. "Hark! what is that the Captain is singing?"

"lingering in my memory are her loving words. And her smile I seem to see As my eyes fondly move over the pages that I love To the Bible that my mother gave to me."

Mrs. M— had been more than touched by the sentiment of the song, her consciousness had been awakened, and she felt a very guilty woman as she continued on her homeward way. She felt guilty of neglecting the Word of God and refusing to serve Jesus Christ, and there and then resolved to repent.

Immediately upon reaching home she began a search for the Bible that her mother had given her many years before. "The Bible that mother gave to me," mused Mrs. M— as she turned over the leaves of the sacred volume. "I must start to read it at once." Then she read: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." God had spoken. Mrs. M— elected.

The next night she entered a Salvation Army Hall for the first time in her life. At the close of the meeting she knelt at the Prayer Form. The townspeople were astonished, when, a few weeks later, the new convert appeared in full Salvation Army uniform and asked them to buy a "War Cry." Mrs. M— remained a good Soldier of The Army for many years, helping the little Corps with her influence, time, talents, and money, and at last died in the full assurance of life everlasting.



Adjutant Penfold Outside His Tent.

owing to the continual receiving and issuing of horses, this is the only meal of the day at which all the officers are able to be present, and at this I sat at dinner before we started. After dinner I visit Adjutant Palmer, who is in charge of The Salvation Army buildings at Bulford Camp, and arrange for him to secure a piano (at the suggestion of my brother officers) for the use of the sentries of the night trench programme which we are arranging to give in the marquee. When I mentioned to the colonel that I was having an evening gathering he kindly consented to preside. I should also like to add that he takes a personal interest in my work on behalf of the men and has given me all the help possible.

On my way back across the Downs from visiting Adjutant Palmer a figure looms out of the darkness and cries, "Halt! who goes there?" This is one of the sentries of the night trench battalion, and I at once answer, "Friend!" The sentry asks, "What is your business?" I reply: "Officer returning to Remount Corps."



REINFORCEMENTS

REINFORCEMENTS
 THE REINFORCEMENTS
 THE REINFORCEMENTS
 THE REINFORCEMENTS

1915 — 15



Cadets arriving at the Training College in the Dominion, and arrive with some disappears before the warmth of their new Cadets: so that to many their stay in

the Training College is the pleasantest and most hallowed period of their lives. At the time our picture was taken there were eighty Cadets in training. What about you, reader, ought you to give yourself to God for service to humanity? If so, write to the Candidates Secretary at Headquarters, Toronto.



Over Land and Sea with a conducted party of Immigrants

Land in Sight

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Headquarters: 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

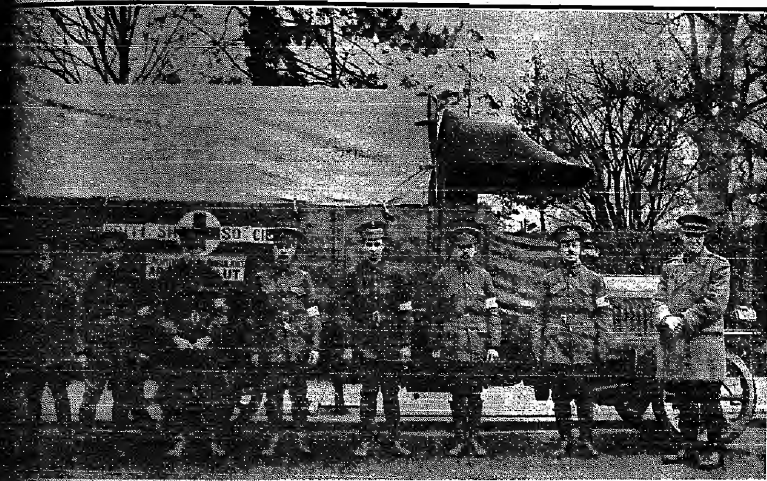
Territorial Headquarters: James and Albert Sts., Toronto.

W. Bramwell Booth, General

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1915.

W. J. Richards, Commissioner.

Five Two Cents



RED CROSS WORK—The Chauffeurs and a Motor Lorrie of the Queen Alexandra Unit. (See Page 12.)



BLUE CROSS WORK—Receiving Wounded War Horses for Treatment at a Blue Cross Station in Northern France.